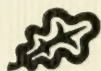


The
Saint
Andrew's
College
Review

Midsummer
1908

70
Distinct Styles
of
SUMMER
FOOTWEAR

For Boys
Who Care

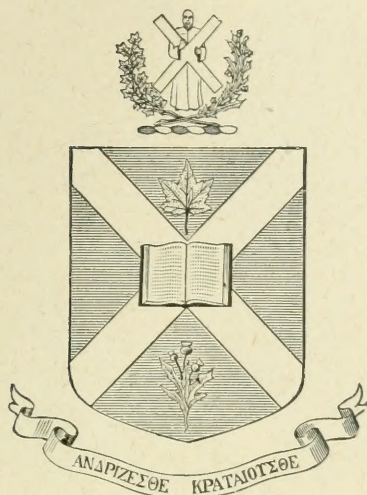


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TELEPHONE N. 2092

The St. Andrew's College Review



MIDSUMMER, 1908.

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Issued by the Editorial Committee
EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER and MIDSUMMER



St. Andrew's College Review

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: CAMERON WILSON, B.A.

EDITORS: HOUSSEY, BEATY, RAMSAY, DAVIDSON.

BUSINESS MANAGER: EBERTS. ASSISTANT MANAGERS: CRAWFORD, GRASS.

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MIDSUMMER, 1908

Editorials.

Once more we stand at the parting of the ways; VALEDICTORY. once again are we compelled to say good-bye or, at best, *auf wiedersehen!* We cannot tell how far fate or caprice may lead the steps of those whose lives during the past three terms of college life have been so closely interwoven with our own, so sweetly linked in loyal, true companionship. Days may lengthen into months and months to lagging years before we again see face to face those whom we have been privileged to call by that best of names—Friend.

The long vacation will lead us all into diverse paths. The Autumn term will see the return of many, but it will also make more keenly apparent the absence of those good fellows who have finished their course at S. A. C.

Our hearts go with them; our good wishes will follow them wherever they may be. Each one has left upon the life of the place an impress for good or bad and it is no small thing to know that the influence of most, if not all, has been on the side of right.

We say *Farewell* and we mean it; we say *God-speed* and the word comes deep from our heart.

“You to the left, and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.

But whether we meet or whether we part
 (For our ways are past our knowing)
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
 On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
 For we know not where we are going.

With a steady seeing and an open brow
 We have tramped the ways together,
But we're clasping hands at the cross roads now
 In the Fiend's own night for weather,
And whether we bleed or whether we smile
 In the leagues that lie before us,
The ways of life are many a mile
 And the dark of fate is o'er us.
Here's luck!
 And a cheer for the dark before us!

You to the left and I to the right,
 For the ways of men must sever,
And it well may be for a day and a night,
 And it well may be forever!
But whether we live or whether we die
 (For the end is past our knowing),
Here's to frank hearts and the open sky,
 Be a fair or an ill-wind blowing!
Here's luck!
 In the teeth of all winds blowing.

In this number the REVIEW begins a regular
THE OLD BOYS' chronicle of the doings and whereabouts of the Old
COLUMN: Boys of St. Andrew's. It is to be hoped that this
long-contemplated step will bind even more closely
than heretofore the absent sons of the College. It will not only
enable the Old Boys to keep in touch with each other, but it will link
together those of the present and those of a past *régime*. It is good
for those who are at present with us and those who will be with us

in later years to see their predecessors forging ahead in the greater game of life and making good in the big endeavors of the outside world. To point to a man whose record is giving him a place amongst men of power and forethought, to be able to say that he is an old S. A. C. boy is a stimulus to all who have the common good of their school at heart. And what S. A. C. boy has not?

Any items of news will be gratefully received and recorded in this column, and it is hoped that the Old Boys will do their share towards making it one of the best and most interesting features of the REVIEW.

One of the happiest and most needed of the college institutions has been the recent inauguration of the
THE SUMMER CAMP. Summer-camp on Manitoulin Island. The question of where and how to spend a profitable and at the same time pleasurable summer is one that agitates the mind of most of us at this season. The camp at Manitoulin will be under the direct supervision of the Principal, and every arrangement has been made for the comfort and enjoyment of all. Lessons may be had in swimming, sailing and life-saving and also, where parents desire it, in any subjects in which a boy may be backward and desirous of pulling up by easy stages.

The natural attractions of the place, the excellent fishing and bathing, with the companionship of those with whom one is already familiar, ought to make the camp an ideal one.

The REVIEW extends its good wishes for the undertaking's success.

The Editor-in-chief wishes to thank each member of the REVIEW's staff, as well as fellows outside, for their splendid efforts during the past year. Under such conditions work is a pleasure and the editing of the College paper much less irksome than in previous years.



Contributed Articles.

STUDENT LIFE IN HEIDELBERG.

HEIDELBERG University is, I suppose, one of the most celebrated in the world, but the number of students attending, something over 1,500, is comparatively small, when compared with American Universities, and the buildings are in no way picturesque, being small and entirely without ornate architecture of any description, excepting the fine modern library.

Now that the summer term is in full swing the University is crowded, and the majority of students are hard at work; but to the members of the student-clubs it is not the time for study but for sport. There are at least eight of these corps, each having about fifty members, and they spend most of their time in duelling, beer-drinking, or other amusements, which require as little exertion as possible. To join one of these corps a student must have money and a good social standing, be able to take 20 "steins" of beer a night, and, the most coveted of all, to gain honor in duelling.

All the fighting is carried on here in a house called the Hirschgasse, built in a little valley on the other side of the river Neckar, which flows through Heidelberg. Here I was conducted one morning about 9 o'clock with three friends, and after tipping the "Hausdiener," we were taken up two flights of stairs coming out into a narrow balcony from where we could look down on the students below in the fighting room. This place was about a third of the size of the assembly hall at S. A. C. and was very well lighted, with many old shields and swords of former fighters hung about on the walls. The students had already arrived, the two corps contesting that morning for superiority in duelling, being the "Zaringia" and Saxo-Prussian. All these clubs are denoted by their different shaped and colored caps, which resemble in many respects a lobster can stuck on the top of the head. Their manners to each other were most polite, but at the same time they were exceedingly strict, speaking to no one but their own corps comrades.

In about five minutes we saw two strange looking individuals.

come out from a side room, followed by a couple of surgeons in white gowns, and a crowd of students, who at once made a rush for the vacant seats surrounding the fighting square. The duellers now came below us and we were able to make out their peculiar attire. Thick pads of cane and wadding protected their bodies and leather bands were strapped around their necks. The nose was protected by a thin steel covering and the eyes were also well guarded, but the remaining parts of the head were entirely open to the sword's blow. After a moment's pause the students respectfully saluted the "seconds" and the referee; then one after the other took up their places in the ring, which was about twelve feet square and strewn with sawdust. They saluted each other, and receiving their swords, which were about three feet long, pointed and sharp as a razor on both sides, stepped into their positions and waited for the word to begin. Everything was ready now and the students stood crowded together in the two separate bands, while others climbed on the tables behind them, all gazing with intense interest at the nervous duellers.

The instant the word was given the combatants lifted their swords and with lightning rapidity brought down their weapons. Neither flinched, for to turn the head or shrink backwards meant disgrace and expulsion from the corps. The swords were up again in a second, both having failed to inflict a wound, and they continued to batter at each other, both skillfully warding off the well aimed blows, but never losing an instant in striking or slashing at his opponent's head. The noise of the swords as they clashed or struck on a padded shoulder was terrific, and I expected to see, every moment, a sword beaten down under the powerful blow of the opposing weapon, but so great was the strength of both men that it was about three minutes before a nasty cut over the cheek of the "Zaringia" or "white-cap" man made the seconds strike up the fighters' swords, and one of the surgeons stepping forward soon had him ready again. It is necessary for a duel to continue fifteen minutes before a decision is given, so they once more went at it, but their strength now being somewhat exhausted, neither was so wary as before, and the blood began to flow in all directions from numerous wounds. They had now fought for about ten minutes when the taller of the two, who had throughout the whole duel maintained a slight advantage, lurched suddenly backwards, and

we could tell after the surgeon had put his four fingers deep into the wound and stopped the great flow of blood that an artery had been severed, the gash being at least four inches long above the eye. The poor fellow was so weak from the shock and loss of blood that he was led off to the surgery and the next pair came on.

This duel proved to be even more exciting, and when they were led off, at the expiration of the fifteen minutes, both men were crimson from head to foot; one fellow had the tip of his nose removed, while the other had the upper part of the ear entirely severed. The third and fourth duels were disgusting to watch, blood flowing even more freely than before, but I thought nothing could compare with the final fight. This was between an immense fellow, who towered high above his opponent, and he was also regarded as one of the best fighters of the year. They both started with tremendous force, and each was determined to get in the greater number of blows (as they counted for the winner), when suddenly the little fellow brought his sword with a powerful cut, up from beneath, and caught his opponent a fearful blow on the chin, laying the bone bare. This, we thought, would, of course, be a vanquishing blow, but after a short consultation between his corps and the surgeons they decided to let him continue. His entire breast was covered with blood, but he showed even more strength than before, but again did the smaller fellow bring in his undercut, this time effectually, and it made a fearful spectacle. During all the ten duels which we witnessed that morning not one man had flinched or shown any sign of fear, although the shock and pain must have been nearly beyond endurance. And the worst is not always while fighting, but in the surgeon's room, where the poor fellows undergo all sorts of tortures while having their wounds dressed, and from where they come out having their entire heads bandaged with only perhaps a square inch of skin showing. To us, all this seemed barbarous and beyond the physical endurance of any civilized human being, but as any German will tell you it gives them courage and strength. It is really impossible to go through the streets of Heidelberg or any German University town without seeing a student who has his face hacked up in a hideous manner. Every German student is proud of his scars, and after fighting five duels, everyone of which he must win, he obtains a ribbon which is worn over the waistcoat and it excludes him from having to fight again, unless, of course, he wishes to do so, which is always the case.

These "corps" students carouse in cafés till all hours of the night, and altogether lead a very jolly life. The city police have no power whatever over them, but the University has what is called the "Carcer" or College Prison. This place consists of only one room with two large windows, both iron grated. There are a couple of chairs and tables and an old-fashioned wooden bedstead, all most elaborately and artistically carved by the students when confined there. The entire ceiling is covered with many names, monograms and inscriptions, which very funnily explain their breaches of the college laws, and caricatures of the professors, suspended from gallows and suffering all kinds of punishment make up the peculiarity of the place. The prison regulations are very slack, as a confined student is allowed to give beer parties, etc., to his friends, or if he should have tickets for the theatre or an important engagement, he can go out and have his fun.

It is only to be hoped that Canadian boys will never be so foolish as to adopt this continental way of settling their difficulties, or take it up as a mode of exercise or entertainment.

G. W. GRANT.

Schlossberg, 10a, Heidelberg, Germany.

A HANDSOME BID.

I CAME up to New York from Richmond just over a fortnight ago, my object being to take up a little legacy which had been left me by my old Uncle James, from whom father took over the farm.

Strange as it may seem I didn't know how to read or write. My absolute ignorance of mathematics appeared to me, under the circumstances, a matter for even greater regret. Therefore, before calling on Uncle James's solicitor, I decided to go to the Jackson Institute where I am having lessons in arithmetic for a couple of hours every afternoon, after this I generally go for a walk.

The other day I was strolling down Broadway when I noticed that, at a big house on my left, a number of men were engaged in moving furniture in and out, while several better dressed people,

ladies and gentlemen evidently, were making their way up the steps. I asked one of the men, "What place is this?"

"Budger's," he answered, and passed on.

The reply conveyed nothing to my mind. Turning, therefore, to one of the more leisurely looking gentlemen, I said:

"Would you mind informing me, my good sir, what's going on inside this building?"

"Why," he said, "It's the first day of the great Warrington sale, it began this morning."

No wiser than before, I determined to follow the crowd. There appeared to be no charge for admission and gratuitous entertainments are not so numerous in New York that one cares to pass any of them over unenjoyed.

My steps led me to a large room on the first floor, where a number of people had collected. At a desk at the far end sat a gentleman, armed with a small hammer. He was pointing out to the persons present a pair of fire-dogs, the ugliest that I ever saw. A few of the gentlemen standing around were counting aloud.

"Two hundred and seventy-five, two hundred and eighty, two hundred and eighty-five."

I thought that all these people were very good at arithmetic.

"Two hundred and ninety, two hundred and ninety-five, three hundred."

There was a pause in the sums.

The gentleman at the desk tried to encourage the assembly.

"Come along, ladies and gentlemen, come along! Try again! Won't any of you go further? Come, gentlemen!"

It struck me that perhaps there was no one among the audience able to count beyond three hundred.

I murmured "three hundred and fifty."

An old lady who had annoyed me by her ostentatious way of displaying her mathematical knowledge, looked me full in the face, with an angry air, and said:

"Four hundred!"

"Five hundred!" said I.

"Six hundred!" said she.

"Seven hundred!" said I.

"Eight hundred and fifty!" said she.

The whole room, seized with admiration, turned its eyes upon me. I reflected for a moment. Then I cried distinctly and in a deliberate voice:

"One thousand!"

The old lady was silent. A long pause ensued. I was delighted. The gentleman at the desk struck the top of it with his little hammer, and, eyeing me with a look expressive of a certain appreciation murmured:

"That gentleman!"

I did not quite understand what he meant to say, but I experienced a sensation of no little pride. Someone came up to me and asked me to give my name and address.

What followed is a perfect mystery to me. I was made to hand over a thousand dollars to commemorate the occasion I presume, and which, when paid, relieved me of most of my legacy. They presented me with an old pair of fire dogs, the same that I had seen, and very ugly they are. What am I to do with them? They are no good to me on the farm.

W. B.

GHOST ISLAND.

 HE summer moon smiled at her reflection in the silent river as she rolled her beams down two steep banks and lit up the river with her silvery light. No wind was stirring and all was silent as death, except for the low gurgling of the water and the screaming of two loons on the lake a mile below. At last the silence was broken by the regular swish-click, swish-click of many paddles, and five Indian canoes appeared from behind a bend and glided silently down the river towards the lake.

The canoes contained nine Indians, a Jesuit priest and a lay brother, but besides this cargo of human beings, one canoe held a cargo more valuable than the former in the eyes of some men. This was a number of vessels and plate of the church which the Jesuits had so readily carried into the forests while leaving behind many of the necessary things of life.

This was in the year 1648, when the Iroquois were beginning their terrible raids on the Jesuit's people. St. Joseph had already fallen, so a Jesuit of St. Ignace had been entrusted with the

valuables of that, and of the other surrounding missions, and ordered to take them to Quebec, from where he was to send aid, if possible, to the striving missions.

Instead of crossing to Georgian Bay and coming down the Great Lakes, or even crossing to the Ottawa, which was the usual route, the Jesuit chose to come down the string of small lakes through which the Trent Valley canal now runs to Lake Ontario. By doing this he thought he would miss the dreaded Iroquois.

The Jesuit had completed the first stage of his journey in safety, and had left the last Indian village sixteen miles behind. He was but a mile from the largest lake in the chain, which was in the country where the Iroquois were said to lurk. He had wished to pass this lake in the darkness, but as chance would have it, the full moon lit it up almost like day. It was impossible to turn back now, and if he camped there for the night the Iroquois might surprise him. The only thing left to do was to go on and chance it.

The Jesuit spoke to an Indian in the canoe nearest him, and presently the speed of that canoe quickened and it gradually drew away from the rest; until, when they reached the lake, it was entirely out of sight. Here the Jesuit gave a sign and the canoes drew together and ceased to move.

"Children," he began, "we may meet the Iroquois, and we are too few to fight. I have sent a canoe ahead so we cannot be surprised, if they come the only thing to do is to fly. Once past Big Lake we are safe. Paddle quickly and quietly, but reserve your strength as you'll likely need it to-night."

He waved his hand and the paddling commenced again. Silently down the lake the four canoes flitted like so many shadows. They had put three good miles of water between themselves and the mouth of the river and were just passing one of the largest islands in the lake when a long-drawn cry broke the deadly stillness of the night. Instantly the paddling stopped and nothing could be heard but the drip, drip of the water off the paddles as the Indians laid them across the canoes.

Was it the cry of a hoot-owl, or only an imitation, the danger signal of the Hurons? Once again it came, this time nearer. There was no mistaking it now. It had not the full, rounded sound of the owl. It was too human. Presently a dark speck appeared down the lake which gradually took the shape of a canoe. The Indians became restless and rattled their paddles.

"Steady, children," said the Jesuit, "wait until we hear their message." Soon the surge of the paddles of the approaching canoe could be heard as it came on at the speed of a race horse.

"Iroquois!" gasped one of its occupants as it flew by.

"The island," said the Jesuit in a hoarse whisper. And the swell made by the five canoes in reaching the island would have done credit to an ordinary steamer.

They landed and pulled the canoes into the underbrush. The Jesuit and the lay brother, picking up the treasure, proceeded a few hundred yards inland, followed by the Indians. At the foot of a tree they quickly dug a hole into which they placed the treasure and filled in the earth.

The Jesuit knelt on the fresh turned ground as he asked God for help. The Indians were standing near with bowed heads when a shower of arrows and a few musket shots laid most of them beside the Jesuit, who sank with the word of God upon his lips. Fifty Iroquois braves dashed upon the scene, scalping the dead and the living, and disappeared after burning the bodies, leaving no trace of survivor to tell where the treasure of the early church had been hidden.

* * * * *

Nearly two centuries and a half have elapsed since that tragic night. The lake is now marked 'Balsam' on the map, and the island, 'Ghost Island.' By the river near the head of the lake where the Jesuit last stopped, a small village has sprung up, which is frequently visited in the summer months by tourists and fishermen.

One day in August a party of tourists were picnicking on Ghost Island. They had just finished their lunch and were sitting on a grassy mound when one of the young ladies noticed a large hole near them.

"What made that big hole over there?" she inquired.

"Treasure hunters," answered one of the men.

"Treasure hunters! Why there were never pirates around here, were there?"

"No, but there were Indians and Jesuit priests."

"Oh, they never had any treasures," said the girl in a disgusted tone.

"Yes, they did," went on the man. "Some time in the sixteenth century, a Jesuit priest was coming through here with some valuable

goods of the church, when he was chased by Indians, and had hardly time to get them buried when he was set on and killed. This is merely a fable handed down by Indians, but about ten years ago someone formed a company and started digging up the island looking for the treasure."

"Did they find it?" interrupted the girl.

"No, it's likely some native around here dug it up on a dark night and skipped to the States with it so that the government wouldn't pinch him."

"Why do they call it Ghost Island?" asked the girl. "Does the Jesuit haunt it?"

"Some say he does, but I don't think the real story is stretched that far yet. It's probably all a joke, you know."

"How weird," said the girl in a dreamy way. "I like things like this—say we look for it?"

"How?" asked the man with a grin.

"Oh, with a stick or a paddle."

"Foolish," said the man. "Do you suppose you could find it with an old stick when men with picks and shovels failed?"

"I don't know, but I feel sure I can find it—come on and help me." And forcibly drawing the man away, she led him inland until they came to another mound.

"Start here," she said, handing him a paddle.

"What's the use of wasting good time and energy over such foolishness?" protested the man. "I'm not going to get down in the dirt and dig like a kid."

"I'll do it, then," said the girl.

"Never mind, I'll do it." So down he got and started tearing up sod and earth until the perspiration was rolling from him.

"This is past a joke," he said at last, looking up from a hole about three feet deep. The old thing isn't here anyway. See! we're right beside a big tree."

"That could easily have grown since then. Keep on and I'll bet you find it."

The man was too polite to swear, and he liked the girl too much to fight over it, so he continued his digging, and wondered why God ever created such an unreasonable thing as a woman. At last his paddle struck something hard and he pulled up a stone.

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I thought you'd found it." He gave

her a look capable of flooring an ordinary horse and resumed his work.

Finally his paddle did strike something that sounded like metal and stooping down he pulled out a brass vase, then a much tarnished silver plate, then another brass vessel; and he could see an enormous heap of such articles before him.

"There! you've found it! you've found it!" cried the girl. "The romantic treasure is yours!"

The man reluctantly drew his eyes from the pile of valuables before him, gazing into hers, said,—

"No, not mine, ours, dear."

A. MORPHY.

ARNOLD TEACH—PRIVATEER.



HE privateer is no longer a recognized unit of naval warfare. Letters of marque have vanished, and with them the privateer. Yet many tales of daring and bloodshed still remain to remind us of the days when adventurers scoured the seas in search of booty.

Perhaps one of the most prominent figures of the old privateer days is that of Arnold Teach, or as he was perhaps more often called "*Red Teach*."

Teach's parentage and birthplace are unknown. It has been stated that he originally hailed from Kent, but whether or not this is the case is of no material importance.

He was first heard of as a Lieutenant under that daring old Scotch privateer, Benjamin Henry, and later in command of the "*Seahorse*" of 24 guns owned by a Bristol firm.

The name *Teach* first springs into prominence when in company with another privateer the "*Walrus*," he chased and captured a fleet of four French store ships, working their way towards Brest loaded with arms and accoutrement for Napoleon's army. From this one venture the privateers between them cleared something like three million pounds.

Teach cruised for several years with varying success, on one occasion landing and burning the little village of St. Oulé in Brittany.

On the whole he must have been fairly successful, for in 1793 we hear of him as being in command of a fleet of three vessels, his flagship the "Roger," a fine vessel of 40 guns, a converted merchantman, the "John Allen," of 32 guns, and a little 14 gun sloop "Lucy."

However, Teach's most brilliant exploit and that which won him most praise was his defence of the "Roger" against the French vessels of war, the "St. Pierre," of 80 guns, under Commodore Mienault, the "Fleurette," of 56 guns, and the "Bijou," of 40 guns.

On the morning of July 8th, 1794, Teach, cruising with his command, sighted the topsails of what seemed to be a fleet of French merchant ships standing out from the port of Dieppe; crowding on all sail he at once bore down upon the distant vessels, signalling to his consorts to follow him.

There was a stiff nor-easter blowing and the "John Allen," being a very bad sea boat, was left far in the rear, the only one near enough to the "Roger" to be of any actual service being the "Lucy."

At noon Teach had so gained upon the chase as to be almost within gunshot, when suddenly the French vessels swung about, displaying their open ports and crowded gun decks.

Although Teach could not for a moment have mistaken the character of his opponents, he never hesitated, but bore straight on, as fast as he could drive, signalling to the "John Allen," which was now far astern, to come to his assistance as soon as possible.

But the commander of the "John Allen," seeing the trap into which Teach had fallen, and fearing for his own safety put about and cracking on all sail fled for his life.

Naval experts of that period are of opinion that if the "John Allen" had stood by Teach he would eventually have won out. As it was he put up a gallant fight. Signalling to the "Lucy" to engage the "Bijou," the smallest of the enemy, Teach ran by the "Fleurette" giving her a broadside, as he passed and engaged the French flagship the "St. Pierre."

Ranging alongside the Frenchmen the "Roger" opened fire with her starboard battery, and as the two vessels were driving yard-arm to yard-arm every shot took effect.

Luckily for the "Roger" the main deck battery of the "St.

Pierre" could not be depressed sufficiently to bear upon her. As it was the heavier metal of the Frenchman wrought frightful havoc aboard the privateer and after twenty minutes hard fighting Teach suddenly changing his tactics, wore ship and then falling off before the wind crashed bow on into his huge opponent, his bowsprit catching in her rigging and holding fast, then placing himself at the head of his boarders, Teach led the way over the Frenchman's side.

To use the words of the French commander, there ensued "a short but most bloody conflict," the French fighting with great valour, and time and again driving the privateers over the side, only to have them return in seemingly greater numbers.

At last, however, Teach fighting at the head of his men and clearing all before him, gained a footing on the Frenchman's main-deck, and pressing aft was soon in possession of the ship.

But the victory had been dearly won, along the maindeck the dead lay as they had dropped, French intermingled with English, their limbs sprawling grotesquely and their bodies swinging to and fro with the motion of the ship, which was now rising and falling before a sharp north-east breeze. Even as the French commander came forward to offer Teach his sword the dreaded cry of fire rang out, and turning, Teach beheld the fo'castle already a mass of flames and smoke.

Fearing lest the flames should reach his own vessel, Teach at once abandoned the "St. Pierre," and, returning to the "Roger," cast off, and going about at once engaged the "Fleurette," which till now had contented herself with pouring in a few broadsides at long range.

Teach had ordered his gunners to use red-hot shot, and one of these must have taken effect in the enemy's magazine, for at the second broadside and without a moment's warning the "Fleurette" split amidships, a sheet of flame rising a hundred feet in the air, and almost before the English realized what was happening the "Fleurette" had gone down.

Meanwhile misfortune had attended the "Lucy." Running under the "Bijou's" bow the little sloop had ranged alongside and grappled, her men swarming to the Frenchman's deck only to be repulsed with heavy loss, and as she cast off with the intention of running away, the "Bijou" wore ship, bringing her port battery to bear, and when the smoke cleared the "Lucy" drifted a dis-

masted hulk upon the sea, sinking and full of dead and dying men, while her opponent again going about bore down upon the "Roger." Teach was in a sad plight, his guns were dismounted, more than two-thirds of his men either dead or dying and the shock of the explosion on the Fleurette had finished his already weakened mainmast, which had gone by the board and now trailed alongside held fast by the rigging.

Nevertheless Teach once more engaged, meanwhile telling off a number of his men to clear the wreckage.

At the end of an hour's hard action the foremast was shot out of the "Bijou," and Teach seeing his opportunity and deciding that discretion was the better part of valor sheared off, and picking up the survivors of the disabled "Lucy," he turned and ran for the English coast.

Teach's subsequent career was not of sufficient interest to require further mention, suffice it to say that after following the sea for over 40 years he retired to Bristol where he died a few years later from excessive drinking.

BOY—THE STORY OF A RACE HORSE.

EVER since he had been born, Boy had lived a free, wild life in the green pasture fields of the farm. One day a man had come out and put a saddle on him, bridled him and ridden him in spite of his frantic efforts.

Boy soon became the gentlest as well as the fastest colt on the farm, but to-day he had been sold, and to the nicest person he had ever met. She had fondled and stroked him in such a manner as to make him at once devoted to her. Each admired the other, for the girl was a slim, fair-haired, Kentucky girl, and Boy one of the finest of Kentucky thoroughbreds.

He was taken to the old southern mansion which was situated in what was left of an extensive plantation. One day, when a splendid three year old, he was put in a box car with the rest of the General's horses and soon found himself in the training quarters at New York.

At this time Boy was a handsome bay, with strong quarters,

deep chest, and finely modelled head. His legs were very finely moulded; he looked as if he had speed, but it was reported that he was stubborn. His rider in the try-outs could do nothing with him, and at last he was given up as a hopeless case.

His mistress, however, was set upon having him run in the big stake handicap in May; but where was a jockey to be procured? No one was found who could ride Boy except the girl. She telegraphed to his former owner to see if he could do anything. His answer was: "Coming, with my son." Upon their arrival she enquired, anxiously, "Have you a jockey?" The old man motioned to his son: "The boy can ride anything," he said.

From the first, Boy took to Bill, and it was arranged that he should ride him in the handicap.

All went well until an hour before the race, when Bill went out into the street on a message. As he hurried along he got into a crowd caused by a shooting affray, and while endeavouring to get clear of the mob, was seized by one of the officers and forced into the patrol-wagon.

"But," protested Bill, "I am a jockey and have to ride in a big race in an hour's time!"

"Well, this is about the only ride you'll get to-day, me lad," growled Officer Roonan, and swung away to make more arrests.

As soon as the officer was gone Bill pulled a piece of paper from his pocket and wrote hastily:

"Was arrested while going through crowd caused by shooting affray by men from Station XX. Be quick and get me out of this."

He handed this message through the iron grating at the back of the wagon to a ragged street urchin.

"Here, boy, give this to General Dunfield at the race track inside of five minutes and you'll get a fiver."

"Yer on, Mister!" shouted the gamin, as he sped away.

* * * * *

"I wonder where Bill is?" said the General, when half an hour before the race there was no sign of the jockey. All this time the odds against Boy in the betting ring were 40 to 1, and the General had \$1,000 of his rapidly-decreasing capital backing him, though it had been distributed so carefully as not to excite the suspicions of the ever-watchful bookies. It was easy to see by the nervous way in which he paced the stable that he was depending to no small extent on the bet.

Twenty-five minutes—the General's step quickens! Twenty minutes—sixteen minutes! "Where the deuce is the boy?" At this moment the ragged messenger thrust a grimy note into his hand. The General, the next instant, was in the street hailing a big limousine car. Into the car he jumped with, "Drive to Police Station No. XX, and drive like the dickens, foo!" and sank into the cushions. "But, sir, this is a private car." "Private, be hanged!" roared the General, and the astonished chauffeur, thinking him to be a detective, set off at a breakneck speed for the station.

* * * *

After a hurried talk with the Chief of Police the General emerged with Bill at his heels. Back the car sped to the races. In the seclusion of the limousine Bill put on the colors which the General had snatched up as he ran from the stable.

Would they never reach the track? Only three minutes more! Two and a half! Two! At last the track is in sight. The auto sweeps up the avenue, regardless of the countless vehicles. A dozen collisions are narrowly avoided; but at last, as the final bugle for the call to the post sounds, the auto slows up in front of the gate, and they see Boy, with another jockey on his back, about to leave the paddock.

Bill bounds to his side, catches the jockey by the leg, and pulls him off, snatches his whip, leaps on Boy's back, and is off to the starting-post, where he arrives barely in time to get in line.

Down swept the starter's flag and away sped the restless line! But, what is this? Boy is left at the post, and a roar of laughter goes up, as Bill, nothing daunted, finally gets him to set out after the flying horses.

At the first furlong Boy is three lengths behind the last horse. Two furlongs, and he is running fifth in a field of ten! The crowd stare with open eyes at the speed with which he gains. Steadily he moves up. Fourth, third—now he is second. But the little mare in front of him has a big lead, and is running the best of races. Only two more furlongs to go, and Boy is beginning to tire from the strain. His stride slackens slightly. But the little mare is tiring, too, and slowly he gains on her. Down into the stretch they thunder. Boy's nose is on the mare's flank. Then, for the first time, Bill brings down the whip, and Boy, nobly responding

with a splendid burst of speed, shoots under the wire a neck in front of the mare!

Then arose a discussion. The owner of the mare was protesting because Boy's rider had not been weighed in before the race. But on weighing Bill he was found to be over weight, and therefore the stewards decided in Boy's favour.

Great was the rejoicing in the Dunfield Stable, and Boy was petted to the spoiling point.

With the money he had won in the betting ring the General was able to buy back the old plantation, while the purse which Boy had won, amounting to about \$5,000, he gave to happy Bill.

D. R. C. WRIGHT.

PROFESSOR DOOLIN, STRATEGIST.

It was one of those sweltering hot afternoons which usually occur on the working days in July. I sat in my stuffy little office, feet perched on my roll-top, cursing my partner, who had chosen this month for his holidays, and keeping the atmosphere permeated with the smoke from a long, black, strong cigar. Gazing out of my open window I saw the seemingly unlimited stretch of dryers belonging to our firm, Ryerson and Whitely, brick-makers. It always cheers me to look upon these dryers, for they represent a prosperous business, won through hard, hard work. As I gazed meditatively over this expanse my thoughts turned to the large concern in this small city of Clarksville, which kept us continually on the alert, so that we should not be snowed under.

My thoughts were interrupted by a diminutive knock on the office door, and assuming a more dignified position, I called "Come in!" Perks, the office-boy, entered, and handed me a card with a "Gentleman to see you, sir." I read on the card, "Prof. Doolin, Experimental Chemist," and thought with a groan of spirit of the college professor's pension subscription fund. "Show him in," I said, resignedly, and a few moments later the most grotesque human figure that I have ever seen stood before me. Tall, gaunt, with a massive head covered with thickly-matted raven-black hair, clothes which were very ill-fitting and looked as if they had served

the purpose for night garments, from his soiled gaiters to his ancient silk hat, he looked a broken-down gentleman. His eyes, burning with a fierce light, held one spell-bound. When he spoke his voice was a very impressive deep bass, and gave him added dignity.

"Mr. Whitely, I believe," said the Professor. Then, without waiting for my affirmation: "I have invented a composition with which a brick can be made as durable as steel, and at a cost less than that of an ordinary brick."

Now, you may imagine how much coherent thought resided in my humble cranium after such a startling statement. I shouted, after a pause, a rude but emphatic "What!"

"I went to the wealthier firm in the city, but they wouldn't even admit me to the manager's office. Called me a crazy lunatic! We shall see; I am going to make your firm the richest of its sort in America." He continued in this strain for a while, and I recovered sufficiently to ask him for his proofs of the discovery.

Without waiting for advice from Ryerson, I examined the Professor's bricks and found them all that he had claimed. In two weeks our business was revolutionized, and we were making and selling Crescent Indestructible Bricks so fast that it made my head swim.

Ryerson had foolishly buried himself in the Adirondacks, refusing to give his location. He wished, he said, to get away completely from business stress, and he wouldn't be back for a month and a half. At the end of three weeks I had more orders than I could handle, and a five hundred thousand dollar offer for the secret of the constituents of our wonderful brick. All this time Professor Doolin was in charge of the chemical department, and was working like a slave.

Finally the thunderclap came in the shape of a contract to supply bricks for the huge mansion to be built for the town's multi-millionaire. We worked overtime, and in a week had supplied enough bricks for the builders to begin.

We had the bricks piled close to the extensive excavation for this American palace. It was Tuesday night when we delivered the first order. Wednesday morning the news reached me that my bricks had "melted" during the night. Immediately I hastened to the grounds and was met by the irate contractor, who pointed

out to me a huge mound of what seemed to be ordinary clay. It was all that was left of my "indestructible" bricks!

That morning I called Professor Doolin more unmentionable names than any tramp schooner captain ever dreamt of. He took it very meekly—too meekly, in fact—and promised to investigate.

I don't know what prompted me to call up my old friend, Sergeant Broome of the City Police Force, but I did, and he suggested a plan to solve the mystery. He would wait that night by the bricks which I was to deliver that day and discover the cause for the mysterious "melting."

Next morning, shortly after my arrival at the office, Broome 'phoned me and said he had discovered the cause, and would come to my office to explain at once. He arrived after a few minutes, and this is his account:

"I installed myself behind a convenient bush at about ten o'clock and watched for nearly two and a half hours before anything occurred. Then that queer-looking chap whom I have noticed around your premises came along dragging a small cart with a large tin tank on it and a small hose projecting from one side. He commenced spraying the bricks with some fluid from his hose, and they melted as if by magic."

Broome thought it wiser to let Doolin go that night and to call him into the office in the morning and to arrest him, so I despatched Perks with orders to find the Professor and to send him to me. Broome got the "bracelets" ready, and soon we heard someone coming. The door burst open and Broome and I made a simultaneous dash for the individual who entered. We had him down and trussed up before he had recovered from his surprise. Then we got our surprise, for instead of Doolin we had attacked Ryerson, who was just returning from his vacation. We shall draw a curtain over the subsequent painful explanation and cuss words.

We never captured the right man, for he departed for regions unknown the night before, having met with a fearful accident while preparing some more acid with which to destroy more of our bricks. It came out later that our opponents, the rival brick firm, had hired Doolin to destroy our bricks with an acid of which he alone knew the composition.

We are still making Crescent Indestructible Bricks, and bid fair to fulfil the Professor's prophecy that we shall outshine all other brick-makers.

McFARLAND.

"DAD, HERE'S TO YOU!"

WE happened in a home the other night, and over the parlor door saw the legend worked in letters of red: "What is Home Without a Mother?" Across the room was another brief "God Bless Our Home."

Now, what's the matter with "God Bless Our Dad"? He gets up early, lights the fire, boils an egg, and wipes off the dew of the dawn with his boots, while many a mother is sleeping. He makes the weekly hand-out for the butcher, the grocer, the milkman and baker, and his little pile is badly worn before he has been home an hour.

If there is a noise during the night dad is kicked in the back and made to go down stairs to find the burglar and kill him. Mother darns the socks, but dad bought the socks in the first place, and the needles and the yarn afterward. Mother does up the fruit. Well, dad bought it all, and jars and sugar cost like the mischief.

Dad buys the chickens for the Sunday dinner, carves them himself, and draws the neck from the ruins after everyone else is served. "What is Home Without a Mother?" Yes, that is all right; but what is home without a father? Ten chances to one it's a boarding-house; father is under a slab and the landlady is the widow. Dad, here's to you! You've got your faults—you may have lots of 'em—but you're all right, and we will miss you when you're gone!"

Old Boys Department.

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

SATURDAY, April 12th, marked a second stage in the development of the Old Boys' Association of St. Andrew's College. It was on that day that a reawakening of the Old Boy spirit among the Old Boys took place, one which should not have been necessary, but which was, judging from the support given to the then officers of the Association. It was through no lack of thought or work upon their part that the Association did not boom, but the blame lay wholly and solely with the Old Boys themselves, for without their support the Association could not prosper.

Well, things have changed. The Association is again on its feet and flourishing; all that is needed now to make it one of the best organizations of its kind is for everyone who ever went to St. Andrew's College to support in every possible way the officers of this year's own Old Boys, I say, your own Association.

In order to awaken again the interest of the Old Boys, Dr. Macdonald sent invitations to them for a dinner, to be given by him at the College on Saturday, April 17th, after which a meeting was to be held to elect officers and consider the best possible means whereby fresh interest could be instilled into the Old Boys.

There were about forty sat down to the dinner, which could hardly have been improved upon by any of the city caterers, and which showed what Steward Bishop could do when he really wished to. Although the gathering was not as large as it might have been, yet, with the Varsity exams, etc., on, it was not so bad.

There were but three toasts honored, as all were anxious to get started with the business meeting, which was to be held upstairs. The health of the King being drunk, the next toast honored was that to the College; proposed by E. R. Shaw, and responded to by Dr. Macdonald, while the next was that to the Old Boys' Association, proposed by Mr. Robinson, and responded to by Harry Houser, the President of the Association. After this all adjourned to where the transaction of the Association's business was to take place.

The chair was occupied by President Housser, with E. R. Shaw acting secretary. In a few words "Harry" reviewed the history of the Association, its aims, etc., making special mention of the work done by the late secretary, "Billy" Lee, now of New Westminster, B.C., who had worked so indefatigably and unselfishly in the interests of the Old Boys of St. Andrew's.

Before the election of officers took place an important change was made in connection with the government of the Association. It was decided to simplify the constitution, and in this way do away with a lot of unnecessary red-tape, which was simply killing the Association and defeating its own ends. One of the greatest changes was in the manner of electing the officers; whereas before, nomination slips, ballots, etc., were mailed before to all the non-resident Old Boys, thus causing delay and general confusion, it was decided to have the officers elected by only those members present. This might at first seem unjust, but when so few sent in their ballots anyway, it was thought better to adopt the new method and thus simplify matters considerably. It was also decided to have the office of 1st Vice-President filled by a non-resident Old Boy, and also one of the four Councillors. The other officers to be residents of Toronto, in order that executive meetings could be frequently and quickly called.

The election of officers then took place, with the following result:
President—Herb. Allan.

1st Vice-President—Harvey Thorne, Halifax, N.S.

2nd Vice-President—Leslie Ferguson.

Secretary-Treasurer—E. R. Shaw.

REVIEW Representative—Bob Gill.

Committee—F. C. Sanderson A. T. Ferguson, "Dub" Sale, W. F. Norris.

Herbie Allan then took the chair, and spoke a few words, thanking the fellows for his election and thanking the retiring President for the yeoman service done by him in the interests of the Association. A hearty vote of thanks was passed by the Association to both Harry Housser and Billy Lee for their work and interest in connection with the Association's life.

The next matter taken up was the question of the REVIEWS for the Old Boys. It was thought that by means of the REVIEW the Old Boys could be brought in touch with each other, and also with the present school life and interests. By furthering your interest in

the school and its welfare, it is benefited, and you yourself are also benefited, as it will also further its interest in you.

A most generous offer was made by Dr. Macdonald, whereby he promised to send to every Old Boy a copy of the midsummer REVIEW free. After that all paid-up members of the Association were to receive the regular editions as they came out provided that satisfactory arrangements could be made with the REVIEW staff, the subscription to the REVIEW to be contained in the annual fee of the Association. I may say that these arrangements are completed, and, starting with the Xmas number, every member of the Association will receive the REVIEW regularly. This offer, I think, answers, if nothing more, the question so often asked, "Well, what do we get for our dollar?" Then Dr. Macdonald announced that there was a room at the College for any Old Boy passing through the city and who was stopping over a day or so, where he could stay, and where he would be sure of a good welcome.

Now, in the way of athletics for the Old Boys: this matter was left in the hands of the executive, and already there has been held an Old Boys' morning, as well as the two events at the annual games. Football and hockey matches will also be held in the fall and winter, together with many other gatherings, which can be held at the College if the Old Boys desire.

Taking these things into consideration, apart from any sentiment or love for the school, I ask you to give an honest answer to this question, Are you not getting your subscription's worth? If so, support the Association.

After a short discussion on the general outlook for the Association, perhaps the most enthusiastic and successful annual meeting that has been held was then adjourned.

THE SPORTS.

ALTHOUGH the day was not the most ideal, yet a large number of Old Boys were up, and with but one or two exceptions entered the Old Boys' race, which this year took the form of a sack race, to enable all to take part. The 50 yards was done in remarkably fast time and furnished much amusement for onlookers and participants alike. The finish was exceptionally close, and the order of crossing the tape was: 1st, Parsons; 2nd,

Skinner; 3rd, Winans. The "also rans" are too numerous to mention.

The Old Boys were represented in the relay race by Skinner and Knox. Although older and more experienced runners, they were made to fight every inch of the way by the team of Present Boys, and only won by a few yards.

After the actual sports, a dance was held in the school, and from all appearance was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

On the morning of the 25th of May a number of Old Boys journeyed to the College to try conclusions with the Present Boys in the noble and honorable games of cricket and baseball. The school furnished a cricket team, and the baseball match was played between picked teams from the Old Boys together with a couple of the Present Boys who were not playing cricket.

The cricket game was won by the present boys by the score of 28-24, a one-innings game being played. Stumps were drawn at 12 o'clock. An account of the game will be found in the school cricket news.

The baseball match between the "Longs" and the "Shorts," captained by Burton and Gill respectively, lasted till about 1 p.m. Six and one-half innings were played, while the fun and excitement lasted from the time the first ball was pitched till the last man in the seventh was put out. The "Shorts" won by 23-8. I would it were possible to give the names of the teams, etc., but as men were continually "releasing" themselves and new ones being "signed," that would be an impossibility.

Among the Old Boys noticed during the morning were: H. Housser, Herb Allan, A. T. Ferguson, Les Ferguson, Kernan, Grand, "Ching" McArthur, Burton, J. Duncan, Follett, "Norm" Keith, Boyd, Wheeler, W. Norris, Chestnut, West, Green, Bonner, Secretary Shaw, Driscoll, Adams, Sanderson, Kirkhouse, Tovell, Massey, Wrong.

PERSONALS.

BEFORE beginning the Personals, I would just like to make the following plea on behalf of myself or any other of your representatives who may follow me on the REVIEW, and that is to ask that if anyone who has anything that might be of interest

to the other Old Boys in the way of news, either about himself or any of the other Old Boys, they would send it to either Secretary Shaw or myself, care of the College, it will be greatly appreciated and will make the Old Boys' Section in the REVIEW what it should be, and will also help the Association along by the showing of your interest in it. I do not promise to insert everything that may come in, for room may not permit, but from present appearances there will be room for all.

Help the Association and REVIEW all you can, boys; they need all the help and encouragement you can give them.

Harry Housser, who was with the Paris Plough Company, has moved to Ottawa, and is with the International Marine Signal Company.

Herb. Allan has gone in with his father in the A. A. Allan Co., Limited, but he still finds time to visit the school often and help in the football and other sports.

Harvey Thorne is, we understand, completing his engineering course at McGill.

Eddie Thorne is in attendance at Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia.

"Jimmy" McNeil, we are glad to hear, has recovered from a month's illness. It is rumored he will be up here to pay us a visit. Welcome, Jimmy:

"Ken" MacLaren, of St. Andrew's hockey fame, and later of Stratford, has moved to Ottawa.

"Mollie" Isbester is also at the Capital.

"Hammy" May is with his father in business in Ottawa.

"Jimmy" Forgie, when last heard of, was attending Queen's, and Hale was doing the honors at the Collegiate in Kingston.

Ogilvie Hastings was last year at McGill, where he captained the first year football team.

Paul Fleming is at Dalhousie, and was President of the Freshmen Year there.

"Nat" Chase is in business in Nova Scotia.

The Carver brothers are at Windsor in Nova Scotia.

Jimmy Crossen is working in the Crossen Car Company at Cobourg, but he occasionally pays us a flying visit.

"Dave" Bole, who has been living in London, is about, we understand, to move back again to Winnipeg.

"Ike" Graham is studying law with his father's firm in Winnipeg.

"Fat" Cousins of Hallowe'en fame, was at Medicine Hat the last time we heard.

Bev. Gayfer was this winter in the bank at New Liskeard and making quite a name for himself in hockey circles.

"Don" MacCrae was, when we last heard, in the bank at Sault Ste. Marie.

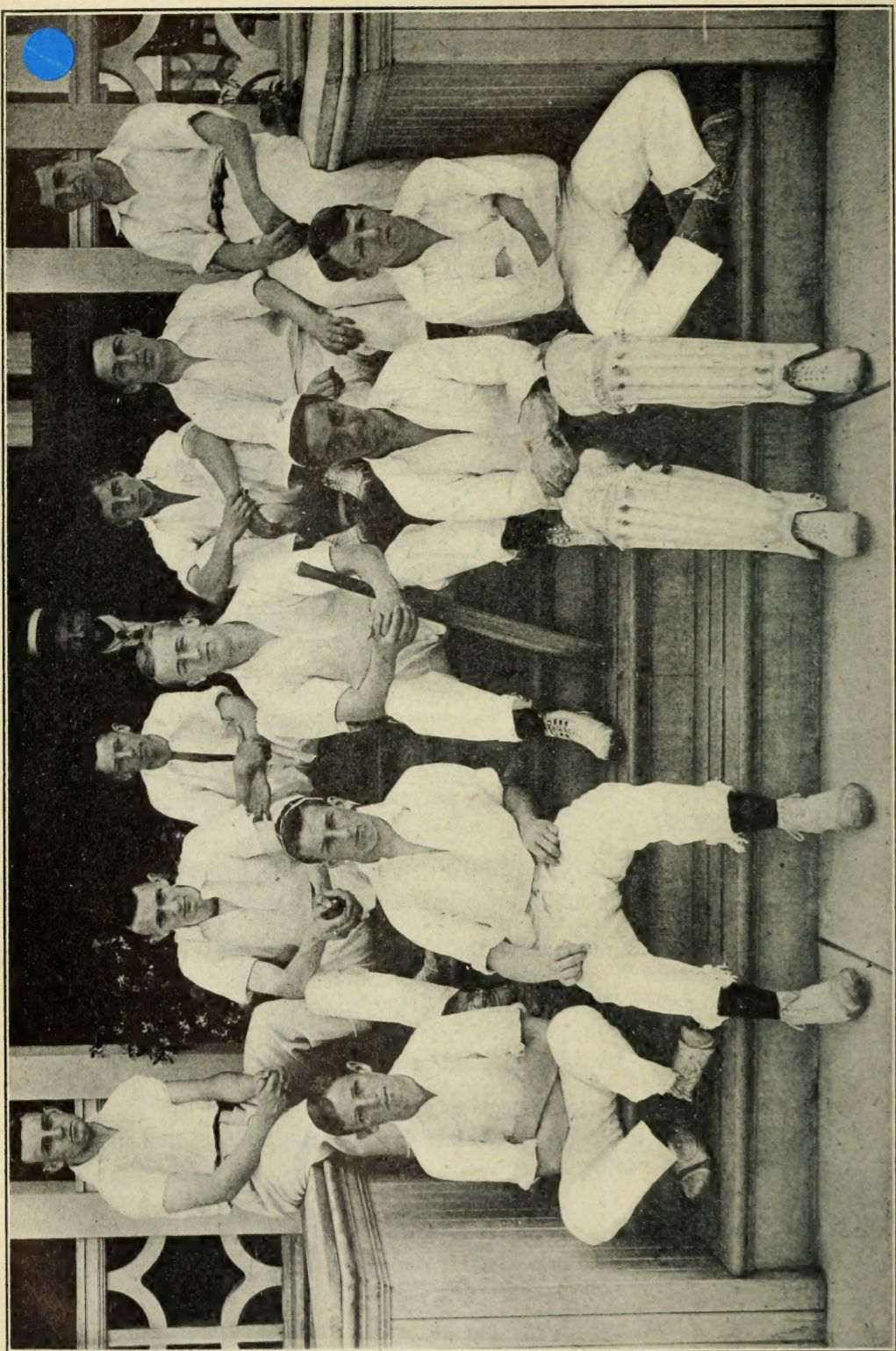
"Doug" and "Ken" Angus are both in banks at their home in Regina, Sask.

Ernie Allen has accepted "the call to the wild," and will have as his address for the next year: Somewhere around the Mackenzie River, N.W.T.

"Dub" Sale is with the Julian Sale Leather Co., Toronto. The same "Dub," with a smile and a handshake for everyone.

The following are among the old boys at Varsity: Saunders, Keith, Chestnut I., Chestnut II. and Chestnut III., Duncan, Sanderson, Ferguson, Blackstock, Wishart, Moffit, MacLaren, Allison, Driscoll, Frank Macdonald, Crawford, MacIntosh, McPherson, Winans, Massey, Wrong, Stark, Mackenzie, McPhedran.

The Torontonensis will have as its editor next year a St. Andrew's Old Boy in the person of D. E. S. Wishart. We wish him all success in the work.



Athletics.

CRICKET.

SAIN T ANDREW'S opened their cricket season on May 2nd, when they played Grace Church an exhibition game. S.A.C. batted first, and only succeeded in making 42, of which Hope and Grant each got eleven. Grace Church followed and before stumps were drawn had scored 115 for 9 wickets, thus winning by 1 wicket and 73 runs.

The next, game against the Kappa Alpha lodge also resulted in a defeat for S.A.C. by 92 to 82, in spite of Miller's 35 and Foster's 24.

On May 9th, the Toronto Athletic Club visited us, and once more succeeding in beating college. T. A. Conly scored 49, but their bowling was too much for S.A.C., who were dismissed for 27.

May 21st saw the Rosedale Cricket Club at St. Andrew's. A good game resulted, Rosedale finally winning by 65 to 43.

On the next day Trinity University were our opponents, and S.A.C. determined to stem the tide of defeat, batted in fine style, and when the last man was declared out had reached 109. The best scores were, Miller 20 and Wright 20 not out. Trinity then went to bat and had scored 39 for 5 wickets when stumps were drawn, thus leaving the game unfinished.

On May 23rd an exhibition game was played with St. Alban's, which resulted in an easy victory for our visitors, by 47 to 18. Hamilton's bowling seemed to dazzle S.A.C., who fell down badly at the wicket.

The annual match with the S.A.C. Old Boys took place on May 25th. The Old Boys were completely at the mercy of Grant and Douglas, who dismissed them for 14. Grant had 7 wickets for 6 runs. The Present Boys were also weak in batting, but managed to comply 28 before the finish of their inning, thus winning by 14 runs.

The St. Paul's Cricket Club were matched against St. Andrew's on May 27th, but in this game S.A.C. had decidedly the better of it, winning handily by 22 runs. Score—S.A.C., 102; St. Paul's, 80.

The first school match did not take place until June 6, when T.C.S. came up here to play College. The game was very interesting, and T.C.S. gave an excellent exhibition of cricket. Rhodes was the star performer at the bat, with 39, while the Conyers brothers took all the college wickets. Trinity's total score amounted to 132, while S.A.C., by steady batting, scored 77.

The batting and bowling averages of the first eleven are as follows:

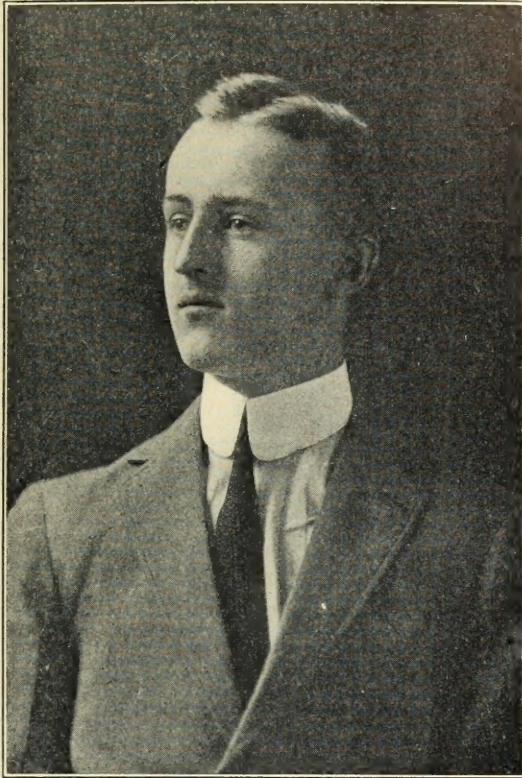
BATTING.

	G.	R.	High Score.	N.O.	Av.
Miller..	7	88	35	0	12.57
Wright	6	48	20 n.o.	2	12.
Foster	9	59	24	0	6.56
Housser..	9	48	14	0	5.33
Hope	6	32	11	0	5.33
Smith IV...	9	45	13	0	5.
MacAvity...	8	38	18	0	4.75
McDonald..	4	12	6	1	4.
Grant I.	9	33	12	0	3.67
Frith I.	4	10	7 n.o.	1	3.33
Crawford I.	9	20	9	0	2.22
Wood..	8	8	4 n.o.	4	2.
Douglas..	8	15	8	0	1.87

BOWLING.

	G.	O.	Mdns.	R.	W.	Av.
Wright..	2	5.2	0	11	2	5.5
Grant	9	92	18	204	35	5.82
Douglas	8*	76.3	8	218	28	7.78
Wood	1	4	0	9	1	9.
Housser	1	14	2	46	3	15.33
Smith IV...	1	8	1	32	2	16.
Frith I.	3	16	0	59	3	19.67
Hope...	2	8	1	21	1	21.

W. B.



F. C. CRAWFORD
Captain 1st Eleven

PERSONNEL OF THE FIRST TEAM.

CRAWFORD.—1. A good steady captain, very popular with his team. One of the best fielders on the team, a fair bat, but has had hard luck in being run out.

2. GRANT.—The oldest color on the team a very steady bat, always a dangerous bowler, and active in the field.

3. MILLER.—An old color who is playing his last year's position behind the wickets to great credit and is one of the most consistent run getters on the team.

4. HOPE.—An old color, good all around cricketer, a most consistent run getter, but through his inability to practice more often with the team it is felt that the team is the loser of runs which it should have.

5. HOUSSER.—A very hard worker, a bat with great punishing powers and one of the best fielders on the team and bowls well.

6. McAVITY.—One who had very hard luck in the beginning of the year in his batting, being run out several times, but has proved himself a good run getter, and one of the best fielders on the team.

7. SMITH.—A steady batsman, fields well and plays his position at point finely.

8. FOSTER.—A hard hitter, one who has accounted for many of the runs made and one of the most active fielders on the team.

9. WRIGHT.—One of the steadiest men on the team, with a splendid defense and plays his position in slips splendidly, also a good bowler.

10. DOUGLAS.—Without doubt the steadiest bowler the team produced this year, always dangerous and a very promising bat, but through sickness has not been able to play in any of the school games.

11. FRITH.—Owing to sickness he was unable to play during the early season, but has developed well all around.

12. WOOD.—One of the hardest workers playing this year and deserves great credit for the way he has turned out.

CRAWFORD.—A good steady captain, very popular with his team. One of the best fielders on the team, a fair bat, but has had hard luck in being run out.

THE ANNUAL GAMES.

IN spite of the threatening weather, the annual games quite came up to their former successful standard. The entry list was so large that heats had to be run off for three days before the finals on Friday. Throughout the day the band of the 48th Highlanders rendered an appropriate programme.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Lady Clark honored us with their presence, and after the games Lady Clark kindly presented the prizes.

Mrs. Macdonald afterwards entertained at tea in her house, while the young people enjoyed a delightful informal dance in the College Hall.

The whole day passed off beautifully and was enjoyed by all. The results were as follows:

*1. Race, 440 yards dash, senior—1st, Edmonds; 2nd, Foster; 3rd, Munro. Time, 58 secs.

*2. Race, 1 mile, senior—1st, Grass; 2nd, Macdonald; 3rd, McAvity. Time, 5 mins. 5 secs.

*3. Race, half-mile, senior—1st, Grass; 2nd, Macdonald; 3rd, Edmonds. Time, 2 mins. 12 secs.

4. Cricket ball, senior—1st, Winstanley; 2nd, Angstrom; 3rd, Eberts. Distance, 100 yds. 1 ft. 8 ins.

5. Cricket ball, junior—1st, Ferguson; 2nd, Johnson III.; 3rd, Webster. Distance, 73 yds. 1 ft. 9 ins.

*6. High jump, junior—1st, Gunn II.; 2nd, Haas II.; 3rd, Webster. Height, 4 ft. 6 1-2 ins.

*7. Standing broad jump, senior—1st, Ross I.; 2nd, Munro I.; 3rd, Thompson. Distance, 8 ft. 11 ins.

*8. Standing broad jump, junior—1st, Johnson III.; 2nd, Gunn II.; 3, Crawford II. Distance, 8 ft. 2 ins.

*9. Running broad jump, senior—1st, Ross I.; 2nd, Munro I.; 3rd, Johnson II. Distance 16 ft. 10 ins.

*10. Running broad jump, junior—1st, Gunn II.; 2nd, Johnson III.; 3rd, Haas II. Distance, 14 ft. 11 ins.

11. Shot put—1st, Moore I.; 2nd, Foster; 3rd, Eberts. Distance, 34 feet 9 1-2 ins.

12. 50 yards, preparatory form—1st, Cassels II.; 2nd, Perez; 3rd, Rolph II. Time, 7 1-5 secs.

*13. 100 yards' dash, senior—1st, Munro I.; 2nd, Silver; 3rd, Edmonds. Time, 11 secs.

14. 100 yards, under 13 years—1st, Boothe; 2nd, Auld II.; 3rd, McLennan. Time, 13.3.

15. Three-legged race—1st, Haas II. and Fiskien.

*16. 220 yards' dash, senior—1st, Munro I.; 2nd, Grass; 3rd, Edmonds. Time, 25.3 secs.

17. Lower school handicap—1st, Hillman; 2nd, Whitney; 3, McLennan. Time, 12.3 secs.

*18. 100 yards, junior—1st, Gunn II.; 2nd, Johnson III.; 3rd, Cassels I. Time, 12.2 secs.

*19. Hurdle race, senior—1st, Ross I.; 2nd, Macdonald; 3rd, Johnson II. Time, 19 secs.

*20. 220 yards, junior—1st, Johnson III.; 2nd, Gunn II.; 3rd, Ferguson. Time, 30.1 secs.

21. Sack race, open—1st, Mackenzie; 2nd, Crawford II.; 3rd, Hertzberg. Time, 15.2 secs.

22. 50 yards' dash, senior—1st, Winstanley; 2nd, Silver; 3rd, Munro. Time, 5.3 secs.

23. Obstacle race, open—1st, Mackenzie; 2nd, Patterson; 3rd, Davison IV. Time, 2.27 mins.

*24. High jump, senior—1st, Rogers; 2nd, Macdonald; 3rd, Johnson II. Height, 5 ft. 2 1-2 ins.

*25. Hurdle race, junior—1st, Gunn II.; 2nd, Crawford II.; 3rd, Johnson III. Time, 18 secs.

26. Old boys' race, sack—1st, Parsons; 2nd, Skinner; 3rd, Winans. Time, 25 secs.

27. Consolation race, junior—1st, Cassels; 2nd, Yuile; 3rd, Wright. Time, 12.7 secs.

28. 220 yards, under 17 years—1st, Foster; 2nd, Smith III.; 3rd, Bicknell. Time, 26 secs.

29. Consolation race, senior—1st, Hertzberg. Time, 12 secs.

30. Relay team race—1st, Form V.A., Macdonald, Edmonds and Grass.

The senior championship was won by Munro I.

Senior boarders' championship won by Ross I.

The junior championship was won by Gunn II.

The college record in the high jump was broken, and a new standard of 5 feet 2 1-2 inches set up by Rogers.

*All these count for championship. Five points for first, three for second and one for third.

The officers of the day were:

Referee—Mr. Fleming.

Starter—Mr. Chapman.

Timekeepers—Dr. Barton, A. E. Gooderham, jr.

Measurers—R. J. Gill, W. W. Winans.

Clerk of the Course—J. C. Hope.

Judges—Mr. James, Mr. Black, Mr. Findlay, Mr. Mackenzie.

J. C. HOPE.



THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

THE Second College Annual Assault-at-Arms was held on the evening of Friday, April 3rd, and proved a great success.

The gymnasium presented a gay appearance to the numerous visitors, flags and pennants were shown off to great advantage by the electric lights.

At about a quarter to eight guests started to arrive by twos and threes, and by commencement time the seats placed about the gym. for their convenience were well filled.

The events for the evening were divided into two parts, the first consisting of marching, calisthenics, apparatus and mat exercises, and the second of fencing and boxing exhibitions.

The big hit of the evening occurred at the close of the first drill, when the far-famed hobo-band appeared in full dress. Capt. Anderson led them in a grand march past, while the bandsmen struck up.

The clowns followed in the rear, performing amusing antics, and the lion and little "Teddy Bear" trotted along side by side.

The appearance of "Whitney" disguised as a little, brown "Teddy Bear" seemed to cause considerable amusement amongst the fair sex present, and an occasional "Isn't it cute?" or "Is it a real one?" broke forth repeatedly.

The second event witnessed the appearance of the nineteen hundred and eight gymnasium team. They appeared several times throughout the evening, and both Mr. Chapman and the team are to be complimented on the results of the year's work. Every fellow on the team did excellently, and the interest being taken in this part of the school's athletics was certainly shown by the way in which the school applauded their portion of the programme.

The three clowns acted their parts well also. Fergusson, who was good enough to come down from Galt for the evening, afforded great amusement again this year, and was always ready with some amusing "stunt" when the opportunity offered itself.

The evening finally came to a close and the guests departed well pleased.

Mr. Chapman deserves a vote of thanks from the whole school for the energetic and interested way in which he has worked during the past year for the school's athletics. Not only in connection with the gymnasium team, but in other departments of the school's interests as well.

FRED. B. HOUSSE.



THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.



HE final events of the annual boxing, wrestling and fencing tournament was held in the College gymnasium on Friday evening, June 8th.

The entries were numerous, and the interest of the onlookers throughout the entire proceedings was kept high.

Mr. J. Howard Crocker, physical director of Central Y.M.C.A., was kind enough to act as referee for the wrestling bouts.

The boxing was decided by Mr. A. L. Cochrane, of Upper Canada College, and Mr. James sat as timekeeper.

The results of the bouts were as follows:

WRESTLING.

75-lb. Class—Booth v. Abendana II. Won by Abendana.

85-lb. Class—Mackeen II. v. Dymment. Won by Mackeen.

95-lb. Class—Munro II. v. Sheriff. Won by Munro.

105-lb. (Bantamweight)—McColl v. McKenzie. Won by McColl.

115-lb. (Featherweight)—Hertzberg v. Yuile. Won by Hertzberg.

125-lb. (Special)—Davison II. v. Strother. Won by Davison II.

135-lb. (Lightweight)—Shook v. Bowman II. Won by Bowman II.

145-lb. (Welterweight) — Bollard v. Davison I. Won by Bollard.

148-lb. (Middleweight)—Phillips v. Foster. Won by Phillips.

FENCING.

Junior Championship—Martin v. Williams. Won by Williams.

Senior Championship—Bell II. v. Grant. Won by Grant.

BOXING.

75-lb. Class—Davy v. Abendana II. Won by Abendana.

85-lb. Class — MacKeen II. v. Dymment. Won by MacKeen (default).

95-lb. Class—Munro II. v. Sutherland II. Won by Sutherland.

105-lb. (Bantamweight)—Forbes v. Gooch. Won by Gooch (default).

115-lb. (Featherweight Championship)—Firstbrook v. Macaulay. Won by Macaulay.

125-lb. (Special)—Davison III. v. Carbould. Won by Carbould.

135-lb. (Lightweight Championship)—Johnson II. v. Norris. Won by Johnson II.

145-lb. (Welterweight Championship) — Davison I. v. Hastings I. Won by Davison.

148-lb. (Middleweight Championship) — Phillips v. McAvity. Won by McAvity.

158-lb. (Heavyweight Championship) — Won by Eberts by default.

F. B. H.

Miscellany.

CADET CORPS.

THE season of 1907-8 has been the most successful in the history of the Cadet Corps. Owing to the enthusiasm shown by the fellows it was possible to get splendid results whenever the corps turned out.

Early in the season the corps paraded with the Highlanders



Photo by Pringle & Booth.

and went through the trooping of the colours and physical drill splendidly, their steadiness especially winning applause. On church parade also they maintained the name they had won for themselves for steadiness and good drilling.

At the military tournament the exhibition of physical drill was even better than that done at the Armouries previously by the cadets. Besides the physical drill squad teams were entered in the service competition and tent pitching competition, under the command of Corporals Davison and Bollard.

May 29th his Excellency Earl Grey did the corps the honour of reviewing them. On the same day the government inspection was held by Captain Burnham. Both Earl Grey and Captain Burnham expressed themselves as very much pleased with the corps. Earl Grey spoke to the fellows, congratulating them on their drill and physique.

A great deal of credit is due to Serg. Campbell, to whose untiring efforts, coupled with the enthusiasm and attention shown by the fellows, the success of the corps this year is due.

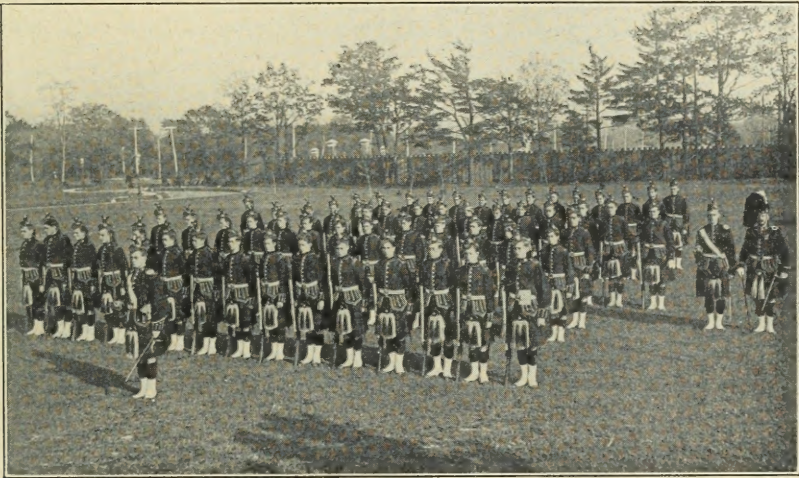


Photo by Pringle & Booth.

The following are the officers and non-commissioned officers for 1907-8: Captain, Wood; 1st Lieutenant, Hope; 2nd Lieutenant, Grass; Color-Sergeant, Bowman; Sergeants, Macdonald, Edmonds and Eberts; Lance-Sergeant, Winstanley; Corporals, Bollard, Crowe, Davison; Bugle-Corporal, Gooderham.

A great deal of credit is especially due to the untiring and un-failing zeal of Captain Wood, whose interest in the Corps has never lagged.

EXCHANGES.

It is with much pleasure that the REVIEW has received the various school papers from nearly every corner of the globe. Some are seen on the exchange table as regularly as they are published—quondam exchanges continue to appear at irregular intervals, while new arrivals, always welcome, have not been few in number. Our list is now larger than ever before, and we sincerely hope those already on it will continue to exchange, and that others will consider this an invitation to favor us. The marked improvement in all the numerous papers we have been receiving is both noticeable and highly pleasing.

The Acroama, coming from Rochester, N.Y., appears fresh and neat. The general "get up" and the matter is most praiseworthy, the stories and jokes being above the average. How about cuts, *Acroama*?

St. Margaret's Chronicle is an excellent periodical. Both the photographs and the sketches are very pleasing, while the fine supply of stories and articles between the dainty covers suggests the care and excellent way in which it is managed.

The Western Canada College Review presents a rather novel "Quarantine Number." It contains a fair amount of reading matter and some good articles. The jokes, however, are poor.

The Blue and White, from Rothesay College, is as pleasing as ever, though it is no larger. The editors seem to have an abundance of good matter always at their finger ends, the absence of which is a drawback to a large number of like papers. The story, "Leap Year," is good.

The Shucis, tastefully composed, is one of the best monthlies we receive. Its stories are good, and its stock of wit is excellent. More illustrations would, doubtless, improve it.

College Echoes is still on the upward grade and continues to hold its originality.

A good skit column would surely brighten *Vox Collegii*.

The attractive manner in which *The Calendar* is set out is stunning. The little changes in color, printing, etc., which it continually introduces make it most novel. Its jokes and skits are the best seen in any one of our exchanges, and we are indebted to them for many in our "Crib" column.

The exchange editor wishes to acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: *The Iris*, Philadelphia; *The Collegiate Outlook*, Moose Jaw; *Queen's University Journal*, Kingston; *Lux Columbian*, New Westminster; *Acta Ridleiana*, St. Catharines; *The Ashburian*, Ottawa; *The Quill*, New York; *The Argus*, Vancouver; *Vox Lycei*, Ottawa; *The Grove*, Lakefield; *Acta Victoriana*, *McMaster Monthly*, *The Magnet*, *The Varsity*, *St. Hilda's Chronicle*, Toronto; *The Eagle*, St. John's School, Montreal. E. B.

CRIBBED FROM THE EXCHANGES.

TEACHER—I've just taken your name for talking.

"But I wasn't talking."

"Well, then, I'll cross it out, and you may report to the principal for deceiving me."

First Cannibal—Our chief has hay fever.

Second Cannibal—What brought it on?

First Cannibal—He ate a grass widow.

"The sun never sets on England's possessions," said an Englishman, proudly.

"No," replied the Irishman, "the good Lord is afraid to trust her in the dark."

THE ROLE OF THE SEXES.

The sturdy oak and clinging vine

Are shown on any car, mayhap;

The sturdy oak just keeps his seat,

The clinging vine hangs on the strap.

ON A TEAR.

Miss Amelia May Hortense
 Tried to scale a barb-wire fence;
 When she finished with the climb,
 She had had a ripping time.

—*Cornell Widow.*

He—Madame. I'll have you know that I sprang from a very noble family.

She—You must hold the broad-jump record, then.—HARVARD
 LAMPOON.

Good for big feet—big shoes.

“That,” said the loaf, pointing to the oven, “is where I was bred.”

The Eskimo sleeps in his little bear skin
 And likes it, so I'm told.
 So I tried to sleep in my little bare skin
 And caught an awful cold.

—*Cornell Widow.*

First Passenger (as college boys get on train)—What are they?
 Second Passenger—Empties going east to get filled up.

Little Willie—Wake up, pa! Here comes the collection man.
 Pa—Shut up, you little fool! That's why I'm asleep.

Teacher—I shall be tempted to give this class a test before long.
 Pupil (*sotto voce*)—Yield not to temptation.

Visitor—My good man, you keep your pigs much too near the house.

Cottager—That's just what the doctor said, mum. But I don't see how it's going to hurt them!

Boy—May I get a drink?

Teacher—Why didn't you get it before you came in?

Boy—You didn't crack that joke until after I came in.

"I am all in," said a snail as he disappeared into his shell.

"Ahoy, there, don't give up the ship!"
The captain wildly cried;
"I won't," the seasick passenger replied,
"For I've not had a symptom yet
That your dear old ship's inside."

A lady—by name Mrs. Glover—
In the street saw a safe raised above her,
When it got to the top
It happened to drop—
Now the question is, can she recover?

ROLLER SKATING.

"Then you and I and all of us fell down."—JULIUS CAESAR.

Teacher—When was the Revival of Learning?
Student—Before the last exams.

A speeding auto met a smoothly gliding cutter on the road.
"Ah," said the auto, "where are you going?"
"Sleighing, of course," replied the cutter. "And where are you going?"
"Slaying," shouted the auto with a horseless laugh.

"Are you sure the sick man asked for *me*?" asked the young doctor, visibly flattered.

"Well, no, not in so many words. He kept calling all the morning for some one to put him out of misery."—*Penn. Punch Bowl*.

Once on a time a pale student from Ga.
Was pinched for being a fa.
Said the judge with a smile,
"Young man, for a while
Free of charge we are going to ba."

"I can plainly see where my business is going to the wall," remarked the paper hanger gloomily speculating on the hard times.—
Cornell Widow.

A farmer's wife had died, and slowly they carried the remains over the fields for burial. Suddenly they stumbled, as a gully was crossed, and were astonished upon hearing signs of life from within the casket. The woman was discovered to be alive, and lived several years thereafter.

At last she passed away, and the procession proceeded as before. When the gully was reached, where they had stumbled before, anxiously the old farmer cautioned them with the words: "Steady, boys—steady."

A reckless young chauffeur of Kiel,
Was speeding his automobiel,
When a venturesome calf
Tried to use half
Of the road. And now he is viel.

A corpulent old Esquimaux
Enjoyed the cold climate saux,
That he threw off his clothes,
And very near frothes,
While rolling around in the snaux.

If a Chinaman loses his queue,
What is the best thing to dueue?
Why braid one, of course,
From the tail of a horse,
And stick it right on with some glueue.

Hubby (returning from club at 3 a.m. and finding his wife in widow's weeds and awaiting him)—Whash y' mourin' for, m' dear?

"My late husband," came the tearful reply.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

"Wossatchoogot?"

"Afnoonnoos. Lassdition."

"Enthinkinnut?"

"Naw. Nothininnut 'cept lasspeechrosefelt's. Lottarot."

"Donsayso? Wosswetherpredickshun?"

"Sesrain. Donbeleeveetho. Funthingthiswethernevkintellwassagunado."

"Thasright."

Skits.

FROM all the medals Hastings carries, there must be an abundance of good runners in Winnipeg (?)

Pretty Girl (to Dingle, seeing his hatband): "Do you row on the Argo eight?"

Dingle: "Oh, no, I just row for pleasure once in a while."

Carmichael (on the day of cadet inspection): "Don't those bushes on the front of the uniforms look great?"

Mr. T. (to McPherson): "Don't answer that question, McPherson; you need all your brains to find your way to the dinner table."

Mr. Fleming (to McKnight): "How do you do this question?"

McK.: "The same as subtraction, only different."

Voice from V.A.: "I wonder what clippers Pickles used on Grass—horse-clippers or the lawn-mower!"

Crowe (as he pounces on McFarlane): "The early bird gets the worm."

Winstanley (trying to pull on Eberts' trousers): "Hang it, Fat, the legs are bent the wrong way."

There was a young man named MacNee
Whose figure was all it could be;
Each night, it is said,
Ere he got into bed,
He would gaze at the mirror in glee.

Hastings II., the fair child, born with a dictionary in his mouth and raised on encyclopaedias.

Stevenson (to Mr. M—, after receiving twenty quarters): "I want to see you after." (Roars.)

Ditty II.: "Say uncle, gol darn you!"

Bicknel: "Look at the tan on my arm."

Rutter: "That's all right; it'll wash off."

Joe Wilson (seeing Missou going down the field): "Look at the scenery between Missou's legs."

As heard in the lower school:

Master (to pupil): "Give me a definition of the spinal column."

Boy: "Sir, it's a row of bones in your back, and on one end your head sits, and on the other you sit."

They're getting more careless every day in leaving the College gates open. The other day someone left the large gates open and Burton and Norris got in. This sort of thing really must be stopped, and it is rumored that an inquiry will be made into the carelessness and an effort made to exclude the undesirable element.

A mistress in a certain class in a country school house asked her pupils to give orally a sketch on the phrase "Bitter end."

One small boy stood up and recited the following: "My collie dog chased Smith's black cat through our back yard, and while going under the fence he 'bit her end.'"

An uproar was heard from the direction of IV. B. Cause:

Dutch (to Mr. F.): "Sir, how do you close a love letter?"

Why is IV. A. such a brilliant form?

Answer: A sun in the middle, one at the back and one in the front.

Martin (to Rubber): "Don't you think this is a peach of a suit? I got it cheap, too—\$9.50!"

Johnson III. (to his brother): "Please may I have my trunk opened?"

Humphry (to McColl, who has been talking about chickens): "Has your rooster got any chickens?"

Eby Sutherland (as he yells across to the junior house):
 "Ta-ody, o-o, Ta-ody, tell Che-ester that I wa-ant to see him. Oh,
 Che-ester, le-end me a n-n-n-ickle."

Cricket: How To Play It. By E. A. Winstanley. Price, 1s. 6d.
 For sale at all book agents.

An excellent booklet on the national game.—*London Times*.

No beginner should be without it.—*Birmingham Free Press*.

This book should improve the game of cricket considerably.—
The Missoulbian.

Hurray, boys! Tokas has a haircut.

Levack (to Meldrum): "Is Isaacs an Irishman?"

Mordecai's new saying: "It is absurd."

Fred Davison (to McColl): "You're a funny little child, aren't
 you?"

McPherson (the boy wonder) made one run in the match with
 St. Alban's II.

Jerry Edmonds (to a young lady at the games): "Are you go-
 ing to the theatre to-morrow?"

Young Lady (expectantly): "Ah, n-no!"

Jerry: "Neither am I; I'm going to study."

One of the masters has been looking for a recipe for a "sore
 head."

McCullough: "Why do they call me the Gibson man?"

Shook: "What is the use of me trying to think, when it takes
 brains to think!"

Mundle (to small boy): "Don't call me Ebenezer—call me
 Theodore."

Winstanley: "You have to show me—I am from Missoula!"

Farquhar (to Foster): "Kindly pass the butter?"

After Foster passing the butter: "I beg your pardon."

Farquhar: "I didn't speak."

Foster: "Excuse me, but I thought you said 'Thank you!'"

Master (to boy): "Sheer impertinence! Take 16 quarters for staring at me!"

Master (to Frost): "What does 'amo' mean?"

Frost: "Sir, I don't know any French."

McFarland (our fashion plate): "Get wise to my 'Merry Widow' haircut."

Boy holding the door against Master.

Mr. McG.: "Why didn't you shut that door?"

Boy: "Sir, I thought you were the bellboy."

Prehistoric—Mordecai's last bath.

Mythical—Daddy Burk's cold plunge at 5 a.m.

Stone Age—Pickle's last change of socks.

Bronze Age—MacNee at his best as an athlete.

Iron Age—The making of the Sunday night cheese.

Medieval Period—When the commemorative tree flourished.

Modern Era—Levack: "Give us a drag."

All's fair in a horse deal.

Dingle (after eating 14 potatoes): "I don't think I dare look a potato in the eye!"

M. T.: "What do you mean?"

The following is to be the ideal room next year: Hertzberg, Mordecai, Thompson V., Winstanley and Sutherland I.

Bond (three seconds after the bell has rung to sit down to lunch): "Pass the buttered plate."

Carmichael (playing cricket for the first time): "Where's the first base?"

Riches to Martin: "Can you boarders get orders on candy and cake?"

Munro II. (looking in the glass at Simpson's store and not knowing it): "Who's that old Ruben over there?" A few minutes later, "Oh, it's myself!"

Daddy Burke (on receiving a letter): "She's a queen, boys; she's a queen."

Rex, the Woodbine Tout.

Goody: "And as I said before when I was in my auto —"

"The Long and Short of It," or "Pals," by Freddy Housser and Joe Wilson.

Sheriff (to Rubber): "Don't you think my hair is turning black?"

Mr. T. (running around in his B.D.V.): "Can you get the nurse quick? Oh, don't go into the sick room, that is where they have the mumps."

The boys of S. A. C. are seriously thinking of taking up a collection in order to send certain masters over to the Olympic games to represent Canada in the tennis championships.

Whitney (looking at Rutter): "Oh, look at the yellow underwear!"

Doug. Wright and Missoula were having an exciting contest at dinner the other day to see which could tell the most about himself in the shortest time.

"I tell ye, boay, ye could."

McKnight, the only one of his kind in captivity.

Master (to Mordecai): "Give example of complex sentence."

Mordecai: "In the midst of a crowd there is not much safety from their feet.

M. H.: "The driver is driving the wagon."

Hardie III. (butting in): "No, sir, he is driving the horse."

Martin II. (to Mr. J.): "Please, sir, was the first sum you gave us number one?"

Mr. J.: "Under ordinary circumstances, yes."

General hilarity. Collapse of Martin.

Heard (as Fink meets the St. Margaret's line): "Zella is not well this morning, Mr. Crawford."

Last fall the styles in the sick-room

Were bruises or scrapes or bumps,

But as summer comes the fashions change—

To-day the style is "Mumps."

Jack (looking in a mirror): "It's awful to be good looking and have all the girls chasing you."

"Which do you prefer?"

"What do you mean?"

"Ye cannot boay."

"Sheer impertinence."

"Don't look at me."

Davison I.: "Why be so glum, Crowe?"

Crowe: "The wife hasn't written for a week."

Dutch (after receiving eight pages from Peterboro): "Would I were with thee now, dearest Chuck."

Shook is still an abomination unto the school singing his popular song-hit (??) "Much 'Bliged to You."

There was a young man from Missoula
Who tried to swipe soap from Goloola;
Goloola got sore
And wiped up the floor
With Neddy, and cheered Hallelujah!

Whitney (to Clinker): "Sneeze, your brains are dusty."

Who said Shook was handsome?

Dingle: "Waft me to yon cranium factory."

Fat Miller: "Now, this is confidential."

MacNee: "At last I am a hero; I have dashed the brains from
a bloodthirsty caterpillar."

It has been reported the "Terrible Turk" Mordecai has been
captured at last by P. C. Mumps.

Mordecai (in a burst of enthusiasm to his bath):

"O pretty water,
So nice and blue,
Full a month has passed
Since I last touched you."

Mordecai (showing three girls his bed): "This is my bunk."

Mr. M.: "Davison, what's your name?"

Mr. R—n (to Oliver, who has just been examined): "Were you
being inspected?"

Herzberg (wishing to take off his coat): "Please, sir, may I
remove my outer garment?"

Copp: "Please, sir, is the feminine of cockroach henroach?"

Bell (entering class-room between periods): "Why this
clamor?"

Waterous (reading his compo): "Three young men and a lady came to get married."

Toronto will very soon lose one of the season's most popular debutants, Miss Zella Crawford, who will leave early next month for the West, where, it has been rumored, Cupid has been busy for some time.

Hertzberg: "I haven't spit once on the floors yet this morning."

Wonder who's captain of the second eleven? Corbould sounds like it.

Winstanley to Wright: "I don't know what I'll do when I grow up."

Rex Davison: "You should have seen the way I knocked the first team bowlers around."

Mr. M. (in IV. A.): "Why didn't Edward go to Rome?"

Voice (from back of the room): "Because there was no one there who would sign his leave card."

"BROKE!"

I'm broke! broke! broke!

O gee, for a couple of bricks!

And I echo the words of the mourner,

For I'm in the same old fix.

All well for your friends to ask you

A couple of dollars to lend,

But I'm so horribly broke

That I haven't a dollar to spend.

So the stately world goes on,

And some have money to burn,

But I don't know how to get it yet,

So I've still my lesson to learn.

LOVE'S ATHLETIC GOODS

SPECIALISTS

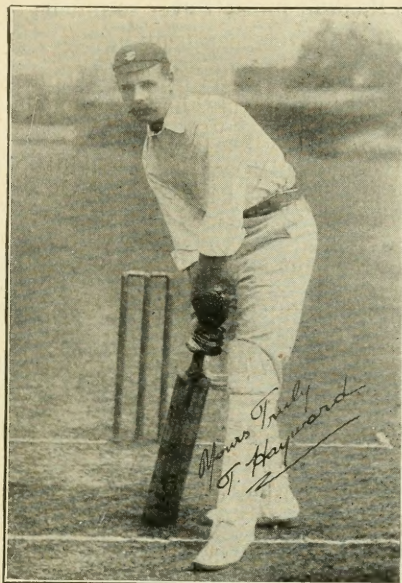
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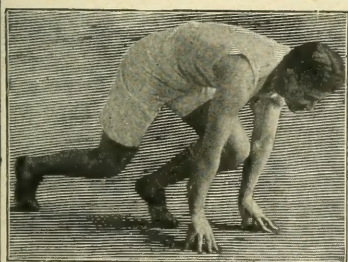
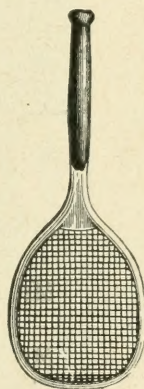
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repairing. Bring
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SWEATER
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Call and see the new
ST. ANDREW'S SEAL
PENNANTS with the
official college seal. It's
the newest and most pop-
ular college flag in use.
Used by all American
colleges. 50c to \$1.50.

Harry H. Love & Co. 189 YONGE ST. TORONTO

There was a young scholar named Dutch,
 Who thought himself ever so much;
 He'd never been beaten,
 Except, perhaps, at eating;
 But Bell has him skinned to a touch.

What could have been in that letter Freddie Macdonald got on the way to school one morning?

Whitney (while Dymont is wrestling): "Roll him over, uncle; roll him over."

Misson (as he sees the new nurse): "I think I'll get sick."

Highlander (to Waterous, at Armouries): "Look at your spat!"
 Waterous looks.

Highlander: "No, the other one!"

Waterous looks again.

Highlander: "Now, look at them both together!"

Winstanley, the song bird of the Cadet Corps.

Mr. M. (to McAvity): "I seen it coming out of your mouth."

Mr. M. (to boy at dinner): "Don't look at me that way."

Mr. B. (to boy): "Boy, take 16 quarters for talking, and get out."

Boy: "I wasn't talking, sir."

Mr. B.: "Well, take 32 for contradicting me then."

Hastings, the human match-scratcher.

Has anyone seen Howard Bowman's new \$14.50 suit?

Mr. T. (to boy who has fallen downstairs): "What do you m-e-a-n? I believe you're crazy. Get up and I'll take two hours off your leave."

Boy (picking himself up): "Do you think I fell downstairs on purpose to amuse the lower flat kids?"

A MAN IS ALWAYS
WELL DRESSED WHEN
HE WEARS A

Broderick

\$ 22.50

BLUE SERGE SUIT

WRITE FOR SAMPLES AND
SELF MEASUREMENT CHART-DEP. D
FRANK BRODERICK & CO.
113 WEST KING ST. TORONTO

Angstrom (coming into Room 23, holding the seat of his trousers): "I don't care! I don't care! I don't care!"

THE MATRIMONIAL BUREAU.

Winstanley-Everard, a fine, handsome fellow, with a good open countenance. From Montana, where the stories grow. Has no bad habits except snoring. Would like to meet the girl who fell in love with his picture and wanted to meet him at McConkey's. Object, friendship, tending to matrimony if satisfactory.

McAvity, Percival, not handsome, but has a good, kind face. In good financial state, as his uncle has just been in town. Has given up smoking? (*Why?*) Talks in his sleep and sometimes gets up and looks at the moon. Would like to meet a girl with a college education, Branksome or Trafalgar preferred. Object, true friend and companion through life's rough path.

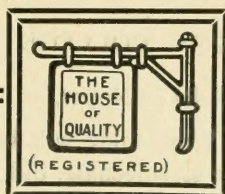
Eberts, Melchior, handsome, with quiet, even temperament. A man devoted to study. In fine financial state. Would like to meet a woman who is a good cook and housekeeper. A girl from the Gulf or the city suburbs might do. Object, matrimony pure and simple.

Edmonds-Starr. A fine physique, fairly handsome. Has been married twice. Deep thinker, personal appearance a hobby. Would like to meet a total abstainer, German, if possible. Object, to provide him with a true comforter to the end of his life. Girls, you will have to hurry, as this is our best bargain.

Bowman, Howarditus, of portly physique, but healthy. Fair income. Fisherman by trade. Would like to correspond with a fair maid from some college like St. Margaret's. Object, amusement and nothing else, so girls wishing matrimony need not apply.

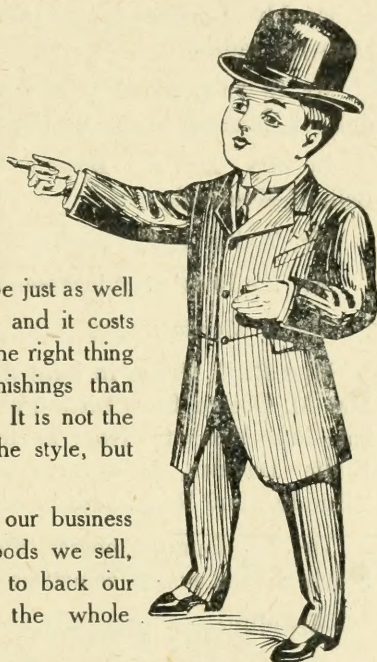
Grass, Evert. Already married, but getting a divorce. As beautiful as Apollo. Great military man. No bad habits. Would like to meet a woman who can cook quality and quantity. Object, quiet married life on a farm.

Address all correspondence to Matrimonial Secretary, Prefect's Box, S. A. C.



A boy should be just as well dressed as a man, and it costs no more to have the right thing in Hats and Furnishings than the commonplace. It is not the price that makes the style, but the selection.

We have built our business on the class of goods we sell, and we are willing to back our judgment against the whole trade.



Straw Hats, \$2.00 to \$5.00. Soft Felts, \$2.00 to \$6.00.
College and Outing Caps and Hats, 50c. to \$1.50.
Fancy School and Club Hat Bands, 25c. to 50c.

FURNISHINGS

Soft Front and Plaited Negligee Shirts, with or without cuffs attached, \$1.50 to \$3.00.

Summer Underwear,---popular Knee Drawers and Coat Undershirts, in Nainsook, \$1.50 per suit.

Imported Lisle Thread Hosiery, 35c. to 50c.

We make shirts to order, \$2.50 to \$4.00.

J. W. T. Fairweather & Co.

84-86 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

RACE NOTES.

Many friends of Mr. Winstanley will be pleased to know that his horse, which fell in the steeplechase, did not get badly hurt.

Freddy Macdonald's beautiful jumper won much admiration from the ladies.

Mr. Starr Edmond's entry in the two-year-olds looked good, but did not come up to expectations.

In Mrs. Howard Bowman's party was noticed Mrs. Dingle Bell, of Montreal.

Mr. Walter Hasting's horse ran fourth in a few races.

Mr. Ike Ross' steeplechaser ran away from the field.

Signor Mordecai and party were occupying a front box.

Miss R. E. Grass, in light green, brought a number of friends. Mrs. M. Eberts, from Little Pebble, in dark blue, with large picture hat; Miss McAvity, from Trafalgar, in grey, with cerise hat; Mrs. Eddie Davison, in brown, with her pretty daughters, Misses "Buddy" and Remy, both in white.

Dr. Macdonald's horses, flying his red and white colors, took nearly all the events, sometimes finishing one, two and three.

Mr. Munroe's long, thin horse won the Plate in fine fashion.

Miss Cecil Macfarland, the pretty actress, was the guest of the S. A. C. A. A. and wore many beautiful gowns.

Considering the day, the annual races came fully up to their former great reputation.

AFTER THE RACES.

At the S. A. C. A. A. luncheon given by the Vice-President, Mr. C. S. Crawford, those honored were: Capt. Firefly Wood and Miss Choppy Wood, Lieut. Apollo Grass and Mrs. Seedy Grass, Mr. J. Hope and Mrs. De Hopeful, Mr. St. O. Chocrane and Mrs. St. Oh! Cochrane, Mr. Freddy Macdonald, Mrs. E. S. Davison and the Misses Davison, Mrs. Melchior Eberts, and Brig-Gen. Winstanley.

SOCIETY AT THE RACES.

Mr. Crowe and Miss Birdy Crow came early and lunched at the Tuck Shop. Miss Birdy wore big black and white feathers.

W. A. Murray & Co.,

TORONTO

Limited

IMPORTERS AND RETAILERS OF

HIGH-CLASS DRY GOODS

As well as a fine selection of Boys' and Men's
Furnishings, including all college requisites ❀

Also Bags and Suit Cases of all descriptions; we
purchase them direct from the manufacturer, so can
guarantee the quality to be the very best, and our
prices are reasonable.

IMMEDIATE PAYMENT

Promptness in meeting claims has been for many years a point to which
the Confederation Life Association has given special attention.

It is the invariable rule to pay all claims

IMMEDIATELY

on approval of proofs of death, thus placing ready money in the hands of the
beneficiary at the time when it is often most needed.

Since organization the Company has paid over

\$10,000,000.00

to policyholders, and for every \$100 received the Company has paid, or holds
for the benefit of policyholders,

\$103.94

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W. C. MACDONALD,
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W. D. MATTHEWS, } Vice-
FREDK. WYLD. } Presidents.

J. K. MACDONALD,
Managing Director.

HEAD OFFICE, - - - - TORONTO, CANADA

Capt. Wood and Miss Rickey Wood, wearing green fig leaf.

Mr. Winstanley, with his handsome face and coy smile, made many a pretty maiden's heart beat faster.

Mr. W. W. Winans' horse nearly won the Old Boys' Cup.

Why is it that a certain master does not care to be greeted upon entering a certain form? The mystery of 4B., or who said "Here he comes."

Mr. Bayne (to Mackenzie I., who has a knife hanging by a string over his ear in study): "Mackenzie, take that weight off your ear!"

Mackenzie: "Can't, sir; it balances my brain."

Chorus from Class: "Let him leave it on, please, sir?"

Johnston IV. was mad because there wasn't a Chinese class last Sunday.

Sutherland II. says when he dies you will see in all the papers: "The late Chester Sutherland has died, and he will not receive any more medals."

"Pussy" Winstanley, expert clocker; great killing to-day; 300—1 to lose; also other sure things. Private wire. Terms on application.

Mr. Wilson (missing a golf ball): "Oh, bother the luck!"

Mr. Magee (missing a tennis ball): "X X ! ? ?" Mr. Magee is Irish.

SOCIETY.

The Duke of Montana and Winstanley was in town during the races.

FACTS CONCERNING NOTED MEN.—Mr. Winstanley, the noted noise artist, is in regular attendance at all cricket practices.

Friends of Mr. Clayton Crawford, the young man who so successfully led the Duke of Montana expedition of discovery on Bloor street last fall, are joining in wishing him every success on his expected Western trip. Mr. Crawford intends to leave within a fortnight.

Sally (to Munro II.): "What kind of vest looks best for receiving medals in?"

